Waltzing Into The Spider's Web

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Waltzing Into The Spider's Web

by Mishiees

Summary

Will has a rather unfortunate habit of leaving the front door unlocked. Who would possibly be stupid enough to break into the Chesapeake Ripper's home? **OR** the tale of a home invasion, where Will tried to warn the men stealing his forks, that his husband is going to be less than impressed to find them here.

Now including a cannibal pun, and calling Hannibal daddy! (but not to his face, because who needs him on that power trip.)

Notes

This fic has some non-explicit references to violence/murder (non-excplicit in context of the show, it does just straight up mention cannibalism and homicidal intent) It also included homophobic language. (Just a fair warning, my fellow rainbow beans) < Basically *Read the tags*

See the end of the work for more notes

Scuffing dirty boots against the matt, Will sighed deeply.

As much as he loved Hannibal, it was evening like this, with one hand propping him against the cool beige wall, beside the backdoor, trying to wiggle out of his walking boots, he missed being single. Soaked to the bone, in from a long walk with the pack, the freedom Wolftrap had afforded him was a long cry from the lavish Baltimore home he occupied with his husband.

Despite living here for a year, and small adjustments being made for his comfort, it was still an echo of the older man's tastes. A few selected items from his own life making the final cut.

It wasn't even that Will was a particularly materialistic person, but the agreement that his dogs were to sleep in a custom build shed in the yard, to avoid any more accidents with the furniture, was still a sore spot for the couple.

His home in Virginia had been a place where muddy shoes and paws could trace tracks into wooden flooring without weeks' worth of passive aggressive metaphors and disappointed glances.

Normally it was not something Will had the time to miss. Evening spend sharing stimulating conversation, or a shared hobby meant there was little time to examine the small graces from his past life.

Recently Hannibal had been working late every Friday evening. Will was increasingly certain the new client, acquired from Alana Bloom, was about to become a entrée. The ever so slight souring to Hannibal's mood had not gone unnoticed.

The lack of the other, occupying their shared space, did highlight the absence of furry companions in the pristine home, though.

Will was about to charge back out into the yard and welcome the pack of dogs into the main house, and deal with the repercussions later, but the sound of glass smashing in the kitchen drew his attention.

Had he left the lights on?

When your evening was spend curled in the arms of the Chesapeake Ripper, you did tend to develop a rather skewed definition of what constituted 'taking risk'. For Will, it was often a combination of insulting Hannibal's cooking and fondly describing the latest scene Jack Crawford had, had him working on.

You were far more likely to take liberties, and overlook certain typical precautions when you were seemingly infallible to much harm.

In fact, a complete lack of awareness or interest in for his own safety seemed to be something that both annoyed and endeared his husband.

It was really no surprise Will often left the front door unlocked.

It was a habit he was use to from Wolf trap, the only other people living five miles away.

Moving into the inner city, with Hannibal, had not motivated him to rectify the behaviour either.

Silently, moving on sock coated feet Will made his way towards the kitchen and the hushed voices that argued within it.

Approaching suspected home invaders without a weapon or means to defend yourself was also a perfect example of Will not taking the adequate steps to protect himself.

While looking through the slight crack in the door, to see who had wondered into the spider's web, Will felt the harsh prod of a gun barrel sticking into the base of his skull.

Hands immediately going into a surrender, the rough and acerbic breath of a man called loudly out to his accomplices. "Oi, idiots. There is someone 'ere!"

The larger man behind Will pushed him forward into the kitchen, where his two friends waited, stood in a pile of broken glass. Oh. Hannibal was not going to be impressed. That bowl was a gift.

"He call anyone?" One of the pair stood in the glass shards asked, eyeing Will with a sneer.

"No." Came the answer from Will himself. He played with far bigger and better criminal than this for a living, it wasn't hard to work out they'd dispose of him as soon as they got spooked or he became a nuance. "I know the code to the safe."

A smarmy grin pulled its way across chapped lips, revealing a mouth of yellow and twisted teeth, while the smallest of the three men just looked between the one that had spoken and the one holding the gun. Seeming to ignore Will with his skittish glances.

"Get a chair." Came the barking order from the man with the gun, as he shoved Will forward, on rather steady feet. This afforded Will the opportunity to turn around and face the person holding him at gun point. A tall fellow, with a terrible neck tattoo and a balding head, a few strands pushed back in an attempt to cover it.

Will feared this may be the brains of the entire operation.

He could rush the other and take the weapon, but the chances were the other two men were also armed.

The smaller and clearly more submissive man in the trio ducked out of the room, in search of a chair.

Will wanted to roll his eyes at the lack of preparation gone into this.

"We should just kill 'im before he squeals, boss." The one still stood within the room urged. Will was definitely accustomed to a high calibre of criminal, even the way these men spoke

seemed like an atrocious stereotype reserved for lazy writing. [1]

Walking back into the kitchen a dining room chair was placed on the floor, and a nod of the head told Will this was his cue to sit.

“There is twine in the top left draw, if you want it.” He said politely, automatically putting his hands behind his back, presuming the others meant to restrain him so they could make off with as many valuables as possible.

Looking at each other, they clearly found this helpful and calm man incredibly strange, but took his advice and retrieved the twine to bind him.

“How did you get in?” Will asked, though he already knew the answer to this. Honestly, he just hoped for an elaborate answer so he might avoid the inevitable lecture of safety from his husband.

“We ‘ad sommit elaborate planned… but no need cos’ ya didn’t lock the door, dumbass.” One sneered, while the smaller man tried and failed to tie knots.

The tattooed man just kept the gun lazily trailed on Will. “Got anythin’ good, lads?” He asked.

“Shit tone of silver, this guy must be fuckin’ loaded.” With his arms finally secured, the gun placed on the kitchen island, the men went back to tearing apart Hannibal’s kitchen, the leader opting to guard their captive. “What about da rest of da house?”

“A bunch ov poncy art.” Badly balding guy said, with a nonchalant shrug, that made Will have to bite his lip to prevent from laughing. He knew for a fact most of Hannibal’s collection cost more than ten years of his salary for the FBI. “Don’t mind sharin’ the wealf around a bit, do ya, mate?” The guy chuckled.

“It’s not mine.” Will answered, as blankly as possible, trying to keep the amusement seeping into his tone.

“Yeh? You the gardener then?” The guy asked, judgmental eyes casting up and down Will, and how he looked in his jeans and flannel. Something he was sure Hannibal would find amusing, and further his pursuit to get Will into ‘nice’ clothing.

“No. I just married rich.” It was said matter of tone, as he watched the two men, who appeared to be doing the bulk of the work shove forking into a pillow case. Ignoring the bottle of wine, that even half empty would still earn them more money than the entirety of the cutlery draw.

Huffing the tattooed man leaded against the counter, arms crossing over his chest. “Un-where’s your misses at now, hm?”

“Husband.” Will corrected.

“Ah, fuckin’ faggot, shoulda guessed. Look like one, come t’fink of it.” Oh joy. Will was going to enjoy watching the light slowly fade from each of their eyes as they were painfully

mutilated. “Lemme guess, some ol’ guy wanted ‘imself a twink?” Will noted that although being openly homophobic, that was a nice demonstration of being a closeted bigot. “Got yourself a sugga daddy, hm?” Will was unsure if that was suppose to be a hint of disgust. It sounded an awful lot like jealousy.

The group of men tittered at this.

Nodding his head slowly, deciding to simply play up to the role they had so eagerly offered him, knowing the inevitable reveal would bring him further delight. “I do.” His bottom lip jutted out, in a petulant sulk. “He’s going to be awfully angry to find you here.” It was a fair warning.

He was giving them the opportunity to escape. “If you leave now, I promise not to tell him.” Not that he would need to, if these men heeded his warning and fled, Will would be the one hunting them all down.

Picking them off one by one.

Revelling in the psychological torture, just as much as the physical.

After all, he was sure these men has plenty of enemies between them. Who would suspect the sweet little twink?

A burst of laugher erupted among them all at the notion. For a few months there was just dry wheezing before the balding man caught himself enough say. “Oooh, I’m so scared!” The laugher from his friends egging this display on.

Will couldn’t tell if he was annoyed or disappointed. Was this how Hannibal felt when having to consult on crime scenes? Jovial and dull. The whole display was insipid and he felt himself growing bored, despite the very present threat of death.

“He abhors the rude. I wouldn’t mock him, if I were you.” Will said coldly, eyes twinkling. “When I say he eats better than you for breakfast, I’m not exaggerating.” It was a shame his loving husband wasn’t around to witness such a masterfully crafted cannibal pun, he so rarely beat Hannibal to them.

“Unless you like the idea of your innards being fed to my dogs, I suggest you leave.” He doubted the meat would be good for much else, once they were through with the three of them.

The way Will spoke had made the laughter in the room fall silent as the looked over the man tied to the chair, as if he were completely mad.

“Listen ‘ere, ya little fag, the only one of us makin’ threats round ‘ere is one of us.” The tattooed man fumed, clearly not use to having his authority question this way. Especially in front of his accomplices, Picking up the gun again so he could stalk across the room and press the barrel to Will’s temple. “Ger that stuff in the bag so we can ger outta ‘ere!” He jeared at the pair over his shoulder. “Then we can kill this bitch.”

This action created the opportunity for Will to begin squirming, feigning fear. It didn't quite meet his eyes. Hand working to untie the knots that bound his wrists together. "I'm not making threats."

This was too easy. It was exceptionally sloppy work. It took his a few moment to be loosely holding the twine in his fingers, while the men worked to shove the last few items into the case.

The man holding a gun seemed to be looking at Will hungrily, as he used the gun to swipe a loose curl off his brow.

"Do you have the time?" Will asked, in a hushed tone, so the other two wouldn't hear, making sure he looked up at the other though thick lashes.

"Uh, 'bout nine." Came the grunted response, mind clearly preoccupied with watching the way Will's tongue dratted across his bottom lip.

"Oh."

"Oh?" Said the man, pulling his attention back to the room.

"He's never normally late." Will said wish a warm smile, that promised a lot.

"Maybe he ain't comin'."

Echoing his own words, Will lightly mused into the room. "… Not making threats." Which only served to confuse the tattooed man, the other two now watching the exchange.

"Da fuck ya on about?"

"My daddy doesn't make threats… Only promises." Will announced loudly.

It was at this moment the power was cut, the house plunging into darkness.

"The damsel in distress role suits you, William." Hannibal announced, tutting at the ruined shirt, now stained with blood.

Will smirked from his position next to Hannibal, he surveyed the scene at his feet. "And you were going to let me get shot for a dramatic entrance."

"I promised I'd never allow you to become irreparably damaged, mielasis"

"A lot to gamble on his aim, *Hannibal* ." His tone dripping with sass, as he moved his foot away from the ever growing pool of blood.

“I was growing rather fond of daddy.” The man mocked, maroon eyes twinkling with amusement as he moved to guide Will away from the pool, to sit upon the chair. “Allow me to look at the injury you sustained.”

Sitting back in the dining chair, Will slouched against it. “It’s nothing.” He began to complain, only to find himself silenced by Hannibal. Rather than the delicate hands of a healer he found himself having both arms painfully wretched behind his back. The feeling of twine once against circling his wrist.

Will knew it was pointless to pull at the binds this time, sitting and glaring at a nondescript point in the kitchen. “Are you going to untie me?”

Hannibal moved to circle the other. Crimson painting his perfectly pressed, white shirt as he moved fingers to delicately trace Will’s shoulder and push his hair out of his face. Knowing what followed the caress, Will only hissed when his head was wretched back.

“You can’t possibly be jealous.” He said through gritted teeth, as blue eyes looked up to meet his husband.

“Certainly not. This is a learning opportunity for you.” Came the soothing tone, which didn’t quite match the chaos in Hannibal’s eyes.

Watching as Will swallowed thickly, a hand moved out to lightly coil aroun Will’s neck. “A punishment is in order for your reckless behaviour.”

Apparently the laugh was the wrong response in that moment. Crushing hands around his windpipe stole the breath in his throat, and cutting off oxygen. “Try again.” Hannibal said after a beat, hand releasing to allow Will to suck down air greedily.

“I’m not calling you daddy.” Wil spat out defiantly, hands now pulling against his binds, despite the futility.

“I should hope not, I’m not sure my reputation would suffer immensely at the wagging tongue of my colleagues, when I sent you off for therapy.”

Scoffing, Will rolled his eyes. “As if you would allow anyone else to play around in my mind.”

The answering smile was all he needed in confirmation. “A fitting punishment may be to leave you here unattended.” A poignant glance to his groin had a light blush raising in Will’s cheeks.

“I’m sorry.” Will said, in increasing urgency as Hannibal began to take steps out of the kitchen. The desperate tone in his voice had Hannibal turned to hungrily look over his husband, before stalking forward, like a predator ready to take it’s prey

“You will be.” Came the response, before he was on him.

Hannibal wasn’t one to make empty threats. Only promises.

End Notes

1. Oooh, Self Burn. Those are rare. Back

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